Little Surprises

Entry for: **Invasion of Port Kasiya, Week 1: Eastbrook - Slug Stutter #1**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2021-10-15.

Dasha rounded a corner and ended up almost smack dab in the middle of a group of Deckers wearing Yellow and preparing to move out. Immediately, blasters trained on her as she stopped. “Well, that was a mistake…”  
  
The Decker's captain started laughing. When he was done he shouted, "Hoo's this? Yah cun bee teh uh givin' mah bois all teh troubl'."

Dasha shrugged, "Your boys seemed like they had plenty enough on their plates with all those duds. At least use this." Dasha tossed an ammo cartilage at the leader's feet that she pulled off one of the squad leaders just a moment before.

The leader laughed, "Got bawls, dun cha lil missy? 'Ow abou' dis. Bea' Dre 'ere in eh trow'own." With that he lowered his weapon and the other Deckers followed suit, though they were ready to raise them and shoot.

A Decker stepped forwards, "Dre here in da hood. Yoo readeh lil missus? Either dis or yoo'll ge' a bulle' tween those pretty eyes."

Dasha grinned and nodded. Another decker started beatboxing a rhythm. Dre chuckled something about this being too easy before he started off:

Lil missus, are you lost on these streets?

Are you someone's daughter or someone's niece?

Don’t worry, we'll find you a little doll.

At least if you live long enough for us to pay our toll.

The mention of the doll made Dasha's ears pin briefly, remembering the contents of the crate. Smoothly, she worked with the beat:

Toll shmoll, easy to tell Arasaka holds your leash.

Of the six districts apparently being dogs is your niche.

Collars and cages, whipped to pay tribute.

Is that all you Deckers 'ave or do you want keys to distribute?

The Deckers froze for a moment. Before Dre continued:

You are no different from us, serving a Mastah!

We ain't stupid like you to rush into distastah.

And look where you are, outgunned.

You probably won't even see tomorrow's sun.

Dash rebutted:

Oh, but you see, I can push the boundaries without fear.

Whereas, you need you piss yourselves when yours is near.

Meanwhile, they have you punishing your own.

No doubt there’s not much under your dome.

The Deckers looked at each other as the beatboxer paused.